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Oppressions which we suffer: Laying open to his view in the fullest & plainest manner the true state of this his province of the Massachusetts Bay, & pleading with him, with that Freedom & Firmness which the Justice of the cause & the exigences of your Country demand. And that you may not fail reaching the Royal Ear, we instruct you to exert yourselves to procure a proper Grant from the House of Representatives, for the payment of the Agents who have served the Honorable his Majesty's Council, and the Honorable House of Representatives for some years past; & that you take timely care to know whether the same is concurred with, & consented to by the other two Branches of the Legislature, & if it is not, that you endeavour to Obtain a Resolve of the House for a Brief, for raising a sum sufficient for the defraying the Charges of a Agency for the year ensuing, that so we may at least in this way make use of Our Own money to purchase an Access to the ear of our King. There are Gent^l many other matters of great importance to the Province, which will come before you and we are happy that we can with confidence commit our concerns to you. Hoping that by the favour of divine Providence, you will be greatly instrumental in restoring, and securing, both to us & our Posterity, our violated rights. Then Only may we with reason expect to enjoy the invaluable blessings of harmony & good Government.

A true Copy.

Att. WILLIAM COOPER,
Town Clerk.

FEBRUARY MEETING.

A stated monthly meeting was held on Thursday, the 9th of February, at eleven o'clock, A.M.; the President in the chair.

The record of the preceding meeting was read.

The Librarian read his monthly list of donors to the Library.

The President called special attention to a volume presented by Mr. Edward Doubleday Harris, of Cambridge, containing a record in manuscript, executed in a beautiful manner, of "Ancient Epitaphs contained in the old Burying Ground of Lexington, Mass., 1690-1799."

He also spoke particularly of a volume presented by the author, entitled "A Collection of Curious and Interesting Epitaphs copied from the Monuments of Distinguished and Noted Characters in the Ancient Church and Burial Grounds of Saint Pancras, Middlesex. By Frederick Teague Cansick. . London, . . 1869."

In presenting this volume the author said it would be followed by others, which he would also present to the Society as they appeared.

The thanks of the Society were returned for these gifts.

The President now spoke of the decease, since the last meeting, of two Resident Members of the Society; namely, the Hon. David Sears, and George Ticknor, LL.D.:—

It may be remembered that, at our last monthly meeting, it was proposed that we should hold a social gathering, at the house of the President, on some evening of the following fortnight. But events soon occurred which made it fit that this arrangement should be postponed. A few days only had elapsed before we heard of the death of one of our most venerable members; and on the very morning of the day for which the meeting had originally been fixed, a second honored name was stricken from the roll of our living associates.

I proceed, according to usage, before entering upon other business to-day, to make formal announcement of these events, so that they may be the subject of such notice in our proceedings and on our records as may be thought appropriate by the Society.

On a humble tablet in the graveyard beneath our windows, at the top of which is inscribed, "John Winthrop, Governor of Massachusetts, died 1649," may also be read the inscription, "Ann Winthrop Sears, the wife of David Sears, died October 2d, 1789, aged 33." This lady was a lineal descendant, in the fifth generation, of the old first Governor, and was an elder sister of the late Lieut. Governor Winthrop, a former President of this Society. She left at her death one child, a son, of about two years old, who bore the name of his father, and of whose death, on the 14th of January last, we are now called to make mention.

Born on the 8th of October, 1787, and deprived thus early of maternal care, he received the best school education which those days could afford; entered the University at Cambridge at sixteen years of age; and was graduated with the Class of 1807. The only son of a rich father was not likely to engage very earnestly either in business pursuits or professional studies; and, after a brief course of legal reading, Mr. Sears married a daughter of the late Hon. Jonathan Mason, and proceeded to make a tour in Europe. The sudden death of his father,—“an eminent merchant and excellent citizen,” to whose enterprise and virtues a funeral tribute was paid by the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, then the beloved Rector of Trinity Church,—devolved upon him, in 1816, the care of as large an estate as, probably, had ever passed into the possession of a single hand in New England. And

thus, before he was quite thirty years of age, Mr. Sears was called to assume that responsible position among the very richest men of our city, which he has continued to hold for more than half a century.

Building for himself a costly and elegant mansion, fit for the exercise of those generous hospitalities which belong to wealth, he began early, also, to make plans for doing his share in those acts of public and private beneficence, which are the best part of every rich man's life. As early as 1821, a donation was made by him to St. Paul's Church, in this city, with whose congregation he was then associated, which has resulted in their possession of a valuable library, a site for their lecture room, and a considerable fund for charitable purposes; and this was followed, in succeeding years, by various provisions for other religious, literary, or charitable objects, which, while accomplishing valuable purposes at once, may not exhibit their full fruit for a long time to come.

The Sears Tower of the Observatory at Cambridge, built at his cost, gave the first encouragement to an establishment which has since been munificently endowed by others, and to whose permanent funds he was also a handsome contributor.

A stately rural chapel on the crowning ridge of yonder village of Longwood,—after the design of the church of his paternal ancestors at Colchester in Old England,—for which he had carefully prepared a form of service in correspondence with the peculiar views of his later life, and beneath which he had caused vaults to be constructed for the last resting-places of himself and those most dear to him, will stand as a monument of his aspirations after Christian Union.

A spacious block of houses not far from it, destined ultimately for the dwellings of such as have seen better days, and an accumulating fund, under the control of the Overseers of the Poor of Boston, which has already added not a little, year by year, to the comfort and support of a large number of poor women,—the two already involving an amount of hardly less than \$90,000,—will bear testimony to his thoughtful and well-considered benevolence.

We may not forget that our own Society owes to him the foundation of our little Historical Trust Fund, which, it was his hope, might be built upon by others, until it should have put us in a condition of greater financial independence.

Mr. Sears had often enjoyed such public honors as he was willing to accept, and had served his fellow-citizens acceptably as a Senator in our State Legislature; as an Overseer of the University; and as a member of the Electoral College at the

very last Presidential election. He had occasionally mingled in the public discussions of the day, and an elaborate Letter which he addressed to the late John Quincy Adams, on the best mode of abolishing slavery, while that was still a living question, will be particularly remembered among his contributions to the press. Living to the advanced age of eighty-four, it was only during the last year that his familiar form has been missing from the daily walks of our citizens. He will long be remembered by all who have known him, as one of those courteous and dignified gentlemen of the old school, of whom so few are now left to remind us of the manners and bearing of other days.

When the owner of great pecuniary wealth passes away, his possessions, whether divided among heirs or bequeathed to the public, are not lost. But when one is taken from us, whose whole life has been spent in amassing the treasures of literature and learning, there is nothing to supply the void, save as some part of those treasures may have been "embalmed for a life beyond life" in the written or printed page. Such a loss our community and the literary world have sustained in the death of Mr. Ticknor.

He was born in Boston on the 1st of August, 1791, and would seem to have been dedicated to letters from his childhood. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1807, at an age when boys, in these days, have hardly finished their schooling. During the next seven or eight years he was pursuing studies of many sorts in his native place, and he even proceeded far enough in legal preparation to be admitted to the Suffolk bar. But the modern languages and literature were destined to supply the field of his triumphs, and in 1815 he embarked for Europe, and entered systematically on the labors which were to be the crown of his life. Two years at Göttingen, and shorter terms successively at Rome, Madrid, Paris, and Edinburgh, made up the five years of study, observation, and travel, from which he returned to assume the newly established Professorship of Modern Languages and Belles Lettres at Harvard University.

His lectures, during fifteen years in this chair, served, as was well said by Prescott, "to break down the barrier which had so long confined the student to a converse with antiquity;" and "opened to him a free range among those great masters of modern literature, who had hitherto been veiled in the obscurity of a foreign idiom." But while he was thus employing his acquisitions for the instruction and inspiration of his

immediate hearers, Mr. Ticknor was making the best preparation for the great work by which he was to be known to posterity; and, on the resignation of his Professorship, he at once entered upon that work. "The History of Spanish Literature" was first published in 1849; and a third American edition, enlarged and corrected, received his last hand as late as 1863. His charming biography of Prescott, partly prompted by a vote of our own Society, soon followed. By the first of these works, Mr. Ticknor secured for his name a permanent place in the libraries and literature of the world; by the latter he most gracefully entwined his own memory, in the hearts of thousands at home and abroad, with that of one, who will be remembered with affection as well as pride by all who knew him.

I need say nothing of the inestimable services rendered by Mr. Ticknor in the organization of our Boston Public Library, to which, it is understood, he has ultimately bequeathed his own large and precious collection of Spanish and Portuguese books.

I need say nothing of the great number of eminent persons whose acquaintance and friendship he had enjoyed abroad and at home; or of the charms of his conversation and correspondence, during these latter years, when the mellowing touch of time had reached him.

Nor will I venture to anticipate what will be so much better said by others in reference to his personal virtues, his private charities, and his Christian principles.

Dying, in the eightieth year of his age, on the early morning of the 26th of January, and buried without parade, agreeably to his own request, at noon of the 28th, it was not alone the few friends who were privileged to follow his hearse who felt deeply, at that hour, how much of acquisition and accomplishment, what a fund of anecdote and reminiscence, what stores of rare learning and of rich experience, were buried with him.

And thus, within a fortnight of each other, have passed from among us the honored heads of two of our most conspicuous houses:—one of them distinguished for pecuniary wealth, yet not without the added charm of high culture and refinement; the other pre-eminent for intellectual wealth and accomplishments, yet not without the independence of an ample fortune; both natives of Boston; both only sons of prosperous and public-spirited merchants; both Christian gentlemen; both associated with the establishment or advance-

ment of more than one of our most important institutions ; both more than common friends of some of our most lamented statesmen and scholars. There were no homes, certainly, in which Prescott, to name no one else, was a more frequent and endeared visitor — I had almost said, inmate — than the two which now together have been left desolate.

Our own Society has its full share in this double bereavement ; and I am sure we shall all concur in the adoption of the Resolutions, which our Standing Committee have authorized and instructed me to submit : —

Resolved, By the Massachusetts Historical Society, that by the recent deaths of the venerable DAVID SEARS, a former Vice-President of the Society, and of GEORGE TICKNOR, one of the most eminent of American scholars and authors, our roll has been deprived of names which will ever be held in honored and grateful remembrance.

Resolved, That the President be requested to appoint two of our members to prepare Memoirs of these lamented associates for some future volume of the Society's Proceedings.

The Rev. SAMUEL K. LOTHROP, D.D., in seconding the Resolutions, said : —

MR. PRESIDENT, — I have listened, as we all have, with deep interest to the beautiful, just, and truthful tribute which you have paid to the memory of the two venerable and honored associates, to whose decease you have called our attention. I can add nothing, and nothing needs to be added, to the eloquent utterance of your lips ; but I feel constrained by many pleasant memories to say a few words in relation to one of those gentlemen, whom it has been my good fortune to know for nearly half of his and about two-thirds of my own life ; and with whom, in various ways, officially and socially, I have for many years past been so intimately associated that my feelings would largely influence my judgment did I attempt a critical analysis of his character. I only wish to say that I had a very sincere and affectionate respect for Mr. Sears ; and as his image comes up to me this morning, it is that of a man endowed with many noble and generous qualities, many Christian virtues largely cultivated ; of great cheerfulness of temper, courtesy of manner, and kindness of heart. As you have said, sir, Mr. Sears's life was singularly fortunate. Inheriting great wealth, which he largely increased by his own sagacity and enterprise ; early and happily married to a lady of uncommon beauty and attractions, the union severed by her death only a few short months ago ; called to no very severe trials and sacrifices ; never engaged in the storms or conflicts of public political life, — his career has

been one of dignified ease, enjoyment, and usefulness. Mr. Sears had the best instruction and education that our schools and the University at Cambridge afforded in the days of his youth; and, added to them, all that could be gained by extensive travel and observation in Europe. His intellectual powers were of no ordinary kind; his literary culture was large and constantly increasing; and had he felt the spur of necessity, and been thrown upon his own resources in early manhood in some professional walk of life, he would undoubtedly have developed more, and risen to a broader fame, and a broader, more enduring connection with the community than he attained; for he had a large share of those qualities which command success, — great firmness and independence of character, a self-reliance that seldom doubted the wisdom or correctness of its own judgments, and a tenacity of purpose that persevered resolutely till the end he sought was accomplished.

The uprightness, integrity, purity, and beneficence of Mr. Sears's life and character, claim for him our grateful consideration and respect. He was a devout Christian gentleman, who felt the responsibilities of life, and aimed conscientiously to meet them. His benefactions in behalf of the poor of the city of Boston, of the library of St. Paul's Church, of the College and the Observatory at Cambridge, of this Society and other institutions, were large for the time, and some of them important from the cumulative conditions attached to them. He will not be forgotten: his good deeds will live, and they would give him a more prominent rank among our public benefactors than they now do, were it not that the benevolence, the public charitable gifts of this city, are getting to be something marvellous, and to as great, if not greater extent than those of any city in the world, have kept pace with the increase of its wealth. We of this Society have abundant reason to honor the memory of Mr. Sears as one of our wisest benefactors, — one who felt, and showed that he felt, a hearty and zealous interest in our welfare.

Mr. Sears is to be honored as decidedly a religious man, devout and reverential in spirit and principle. "Christ's Church" at Longwood will remain a monument and testimony of his Christian faith and piety. I have known persons to smile at the seeming vanity of an attempt to form a basis of faith, worship, and the administration of religion, in which all could unite to the overthrow of all sectarian differences and organizations; but in the idea, spirit, purpose, that actuated Mr. Sears in this movement, there was something so broad, noble, generous, Christian, that it should excite some-

thing more and something different from a smile ; and, so far as I understand his plan and purpose, it was not visionary or impracticable ; and so far as it has or may fail of its end, it is and will be through various accidental influences, rather than from any thing inherently impracticable in it. His purpose in the first instance was simply to found a Church that should be "common ground," where clergymen of different sects and denominations could officiate. To this end he prepared a Prayer and Service Book, and built at his own expense a Church, where that Prayer-book and the order of service it instituted should be used by the rector or incumbent. He then proposed to get, and did get, many clergymen of different denominations to agree to exchange, as often as once a year, if invited, with the rector of "Christ's Church," in the expectation that the clergymen of different denominations, thus exchanging with the rector of "Christ's Church," would ere long come to exchange with each other, and that thus sectarian distinctions would pass away, become mere lines of demarcation and not barriers or walls of separation ; and had he succeeded in the outset in obtaining a rector of tact and talent adequate to the situation, the enterprise would have been crowned with a more abundant success. The enterprise itself, in the whole spirit of its conception, and in the efforts made to realize it, entitles Mr. Sears to our reverence and respect as a devout and earnest religious man, broad, catholic, and benevolent in purpose.

Permit me a single word more, sir, in conclusion. It was in private life, in the bosom of his family, and in social intercourse, that Mr. Sears appeared to the greatest advantage. His manners were formed at a time when there was more of ceremonious courtesy than is common nowadays, but there was a large, warm heart beneath an apparent formality ; and to all of us who had the pleasure of intimate personal acquaintance with him, his image will ever come before us as a model of all that was courteous, kind, amiable, and attractive. I desire, sir, with all my heart, to second the appropriate Resolutions you have submitted.

The Hon. GEORGE S. HILLARD next addressed the meeting in the following remarks :—

I feel embarrassed in speaking of Mr. Ticknor from the fact that there is so much that I might say. We speak more easily and fluently of one whom we knew well than of one whom we knew very well, — of one whom we lament and regret than of one whose death makes our daily life a different thing from what it was.

Mr. Ticknor has been my friend for forty years, and for more than half that time he was my intimate friend ; and now that he is gone, the very sense of my irreparable loss rather seals than opens the fountains of speech.

He has been for half a century a conspicuous person in Boston ; no man not in public life has been more so. Many conditions combined to give him this position, such as great literary accomplishments, strong social tastes, and an independent fortune ; a union of advantages not common now, and still less common half a century ago. We have grown greatly and changed much in that period ; and the place he took and maintained in our social life is not likely to be filled by any one else, and could hardly be asserted to-day by one equally favored by nature, culture, and fortune.

Mr. Ticknor was born with a love of knowledge, and he was born under conditions eminently favorable to the indulgence and cultivation of this taste. His father, a graduate of Dartmouth College, himself a fair scholar, early discerned the promise of his only child, and gave him the best advantages, first of America and then of Europe, with a wise liberality which the son always remembered with an affectionate gratitude, similar to that which Milton has expressed in one of his Latin poems towards his father, for giving him the means "to breathe the still air of delightful studies," and not requiring him to dedicate himself to any gainful profession.

His love of knowledge continued unabated to the last moment of his life. He was a man of regular and systematic industry : few have ever worked more diligently in a profession than he did in self-imposed occupation. His mind was full, exact, and ready ; for he read much, wrote much, and conferred much. He was a various, but not a desultory reader : there were many subjects on which he was content to be ignorant.

He was as diligent in writing as in reading. Some students are averse to the exercise of writing, and do not take the pen in hand except upon compulsion. Not so with him. He wrote with ease, both mentally and mechanically, and thus he wrote much. Besides a very extensive correspondence, he has left behind him, in his manuscript lectures and journals, all carefully written, an amount of matter probably much exceeding that of his published works.

He had enjoyed uncommon opportunities for acquiring that knowledge which comes from conversation with others. He had seen and known a large proportion of the eminent men of this century, whether in Europe or America. And all that he

had learned, whether from books or discourse, was intrusted to the charge of a memory that was alike retentive and ready. How instructive, how entertaining, his conversation was, need not be said.

Mr. Ticknor was known to the world chiefly, almost exclusively, as a scholar and man of letters; but he was something more than these. He had an excellent capacity for business, for the conduct of affairs; and all the good habits of an accurate man of business were native to him. He was in all things careful and methodical: he never broke an appointment; he never kept a man waiting; he never left a note or a letter unanswered; there was never any thing that came to him in the way of a duty that he did not do. He had no small amount of the power of administration and organization. All these qualities were fully displayed, to the great advantage of the community, during his connection with the public library.

There was a certain harmony between Mr. Ticknor's mind and character. His mind was careful and exact: he was thorough in research, and allowed nothing to go out of his hands until it was complete in substance and form. We know how long he waited before he gave his "History of Spanish Literature" to the world. And he had no patience with looseness, inaccuracy, carelessness, or superficial knowledge. He had no sympathy with the impatience which shakes the tree before the fruit is ripe. A book was to him a grave thing; and to rush rashly into print, without full preparation, was in his eyes a breach of the moral law.

And so it was as to character. His will was strong, and his resolve firm. Force, and not softness, was his characteristic. Promptness, decision, directness, marked his movements. Whatever he had resolved to do he did. He went straight to his mark, without turning aside to the right hand or the left. And he had no patience with weakness and indecision, with a feeble will and a hesitating resolve. He could not endure aberration, infirmity of purpose, and irregularity. He had been happily born and reared: he had known nothing of poverty, of struggle, of the bitterness of deferred hope, of the sharp pangs of disappointed effort; all these were to him like the sounds of a storm heard in the shelter of home, with the light of a cheerful fire playing on the faces of wife and children. His were health, peace, happiness, competence, obedient passions, a sovereign will; and thus he was not quite tender enough to those who through poverty and a losing contest with life were led astray from the right path. He did not fully

comprehend the strength of temptation and the weakness of humanity.

What Mr. Ticknor did is familiar to all. We all know the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, and that to the last he was glad to learn and glad to teach. We know how ready he was to help young students, not merely by the free use of his ample library, but also by counsel, encouragement, and sympathy. Nor need I say any thing here about the worth of his published works, and the high place in the literature of our language which has been given to them by the consenting judgment of America and Europe.

But permit me a word as to what Mr. Ticknor was, since on this point he was not entirely understood by those who saw him only incidentally and occasionally. Herein I feel that I have had peculiar opportunities of judging, and that I am entitled to be heard.

He was a very frank and a very earnest man. There was nothing languid in his temperament, or neutral in his position. And he was a man of very strong convictions. His opinions were not lightly formed, and they were held with a very tenacious grasp. And he had missed the attrition which lawyers, politicians, and men of business gain in the conflicts and contacts of life. By nature somewhat fervid in spirit and not patient of contradiction, not having been trained to repression by the discipline of life, he sometimes in the heat of discussion broke into a tone and manner which caused him to be misunderstood by mere acquaintances. One must have known him well in order to learn how much there was in him to love. I have never known a man more faithful to all the claims and offices of friendship than he. I have never known a man to whom a friend, burdened with any kind of trouble, could go with a more assured certainty of warm sympathy, good counsel, and efficient aid.

From the long and close friendship which has been between us, it may be supposed that we agreed on all points; but such was not the case. We often differed: upon politics, upon literary topics, and upon questions touching the conduct of life. Much of our discourse took the form of discussion; and our discussions were full, frank, and earnest. But in these he always bore himself like a man. He was willing to take as well as to give. He exacted nothing which he was not, in his turn, prepared to yield. And no difference of opinion ever caused any divergence of feeling between us.

Let me advert to a single point wherein he was very faithful to the duties of friendship. He was an admirable critic of

style, and some of his friends were always anxious to have the benefit of his judgment and taste in the revision of their productions. To carefully read and correct a manuscript, especially if it be long, is no light task; and a lover of ease would readily find an excuse for putting it aside. But Mr. Ticknor never declined such requests, and the duty he assumed was most conscientiously discharged. He was a strict and unsparing critic. He used the file and the pruning-knife wherever they were needed. An over-sensitive nature might sometimes wince a little at the downright way in which he would change and cut out; but, as with the steel of a skilful surgeon, every touch was for the patient's good. No writer ever took back a manuscript from his hands without acknowledging the justice of every correction, or without a grateful sense of the service which had been rendered. I feel a melancholy satisfaction in here expressing, in the strongest terms, my own acknowledgments to him for more than one kindness of this nature.

His life was long and active and happy. God gave him in large measure the blessings which men pray for, and he enjoyed them wisely and well. Wealth did not make him indolent, and success did not make him self-indulgent. Faithful friends stood by him at all times. His name was widely known, and his praise was on many lips. His old age was attended with

“That which should accompany old age:
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.”

And the good Providence which had presided over his life was not changed at its close. On the verge of fourscore, death is “kind Nature’s signal of retreat.” When this mortal life had begun to be a burden, it was gently taken away, with no acute suffering, no sad, long-lingering, hopeless decay.

“Why
O’er ripe fruit seasonably gathered
Should frail survivors heave a sigh?”

The President then read the following letter from the venerable JACOB BIGELOW, M.D., who was unable to be present at the meeting:—

BOSTON, February 8th, 1871.

HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP,
President of Mass. Hist. Soc.

MY DEAR SIR, — Not being able to be present at the next meeting of the Society, I am desirous to add my voice to the other remembrances of our departed friend. It has been my happiness to know

Mr. Ticknor long and well. I associate him with the pleasant memories of early life. I have accompanied him into the vale of declining age. I have known him youthful, social, genial, jovial. I have parted from him after more than sixty years' intercourse, infirm of limbs and of memory, but still courageous, still friendly, buoyant, and self-relying. Like many, even of the most gifted intellects of all times and ages, he has at last not always been able to complete the unfinished thought of the present hour; while at the same time the things, the persons, the readings of times long passed by, have remained, like the fern-prints and foot-tracks in ancient rocks, indelibly impressed on his remembrance.

I remember his hospitable receptions at his father's house in Essex Street, where a few of his young friends strove to repair the defects of existing means of culture by combining study with recreation, and where we read in concert things as old as Homer and Pliny, and things as new as Byron and Scott.

I remember him in the old Anthology Club, a circle of students and professional men, who kept watch and ward over the infant literature of Boston, who established a reading-room of newspapers and magazines bearing the ambitious title of the Boston Athenæum, which afterwards, under the engineership of William S. Shaw, the Gambetta of New England literature, rose into a noble and prosperous Institution. The Anthology Club met at the house of Mr. Cooper, the clerk of Trinity Church, where their extremely frugal suppers drew zest from the contributions, and light from the scintillations, of Kirkland and Buckminster, of Gardiner and the elder Emerson, of William Tudor and Maynard Walter, of James Savage and Alexander Everett, and of as many others, who for years struggled manfully to keep alive the embers of a declining periodical.

Mr. Ticknor left his home in Boston for five years of study and travel in the Universities and society of different countries in Europe. The letters which he carried, and the accomplishments which he manifested, gave him access to many of the literary celebrities of the Old World. His facility of adaptation saved him from obtrusiveness and offence. Among the more aristocratic orders he knew the privileges accorded to birth and rank, and the doctrine *noblesse oblige* found favor in his sight. He was, perhaps, more a student of men than of things, more observant of characters than of ideas.

He returned home to assume a professorship of modern languages and literature in Harvard University, to which he had already been appointed, the same since occupied by Longfellow and Lowell. He has published several well-known volumes, and left large materials for others, for which we are still to hope.

His historical and biographical works are monuments of research as they are models of style; but his aspirations for literary reform, grounded more upon transatlantic usage than upon the actual needs and capacities of his own countrymen, were not destined to find immediate realization.

In his political views in regard to the prospects of his own govern-

ment, Mr. Ticknor was not an optimist. He had grave apprehensions as to the possible despotism of an ignorant, uneducated, and unscrupulous majority; nevertheless, he was unable to indicate any other country to which he would willingly transfer his allegiance and his home, and, like other men of sense, he settled down into a willingness to accept what is practicable for what might be desirable, and fell back upon universal education, intellectual and moral, as the greatest safeguard for national progress and prosperity.

With assurances of my personal regard, and of my respect for the Society,

Yours faithfully,

JACOB BIGELOW.

Mr. GEORGE B. EMERSON then said,—

MR. PRESIDENT,—All who are present feel the great loss we have sustained by the death of our friend. To me it is peculiarly severe, as I lose one of the oldest and dearest friends I have had in this city,—the oldest and dearest indeed, except classmates, whose friendship and affection are often more than fraternal.

I was an officer in Harvard College when, more than half a century ago, Mr. Ticknor came there to give his first course of lectures on Spanish Literature. I heard as many of them as my duties in the college permitted me to hear, and thus formed his acquaintance. He often came to my room in Holworthy when he had reached Cambridge a few minutes before his hour, or, after his lecture, when he wished to meet some other young men then residing at Cambridge; and I sometimes drove back with him to town.

It is difficult for a person accustomed, as everybody now is, to our innumerable courses of lectures,—inaugurated by those given with such success before the Mechanics' Institute and the Lowell Institute,—to imagine the excitement produced among the students at Cambridge by this course. It was upon a subject entirely new. These lectures and those of the French course, with the equally able and still more eloquent lectures of Edward Everett upon Greek Literature and Greek Art, given about the same time, excited attention everywhere, and opened the eyes of thoughtful men to the capacity of the American Colleges for giving instruction by lectures upon high and important subjects,—a capacity which apparently had not occurred to the founders and friends of the colleges.

The lectures of Mr. Ticknor were among the most efficient of the causes which have led to a more general and more thorough study of the modern languages. The lectures of

these two distinguished scholars were an auspicious beginning of what is now becoming a most important part of University education. And their authors were safe architects to lay the foundation; for both, from their own education and their delicate and cultivated taste, would have the study of modern languages and investigation built upon a pretty thorough knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages and literature.

Mr. Ticknor's first love was the Greek language; and, if he had not early been turned away from that, we might now be speaking of the author of the best History of Greek Literature that had ever been written. That early study was not lost to us. He would never have been able to write the Spanish History so nobly and thoroughly as he did, if he had not been familiar with the best Greek and Roman writers. He could not elsewhere have found the lofty standard to which he is always really, if not expressly, referring in his criticisms.

An old friend of mine, who calls himself a trembling old man, in a letter written immediately after receiving the news of the death of our friend, suggests the question, What has become of those pleasant lectures upon Spanish Literature to which we listened with such delight, half a century ago? The answer we can give is more satisfactory than has often been given to such a question. They have grown into the most perfect history of a language and literature that has ever been written. Those one or two lectures upon the Spanish Ballads have grown into those delightful chapters upon the ballads in the different dialects of Spain; and so of the rest.

Any one then listening to the lectures would have been inclined to say, How interesting, but how short! The same feeling probably took possession of the writer. How pleasant would it be to go thoroughly into this subject, to find out and to write down all that led to it and all that relates to it! This feeling, which must have arisen many times and demanded gratification, probably led to the expansion of those sketches into the noble history we have. The same now takes full possession of the reader. How satisfactory would it be to read the original of these curious matters at large! No doubt this feeling has often attracted admiring readers to become Spanish scholars. And who shall say how far the very living spirit which first suggested these lectures may not have insensibly acted upon the present mover of things at Cambridge to bring out that array of courses which is every year giving more of a University aspect to old Harvard College?

"The History of Spanish Literature" has taken its place at

the very head of the best histories of literature that have been written. For all those who read it without filling up, from other sources, what is wanting to make it a history of the country, it is perhaps to be regretted that the author did not give more of the civil history. He would certainly have made it as entertaining as his present work is; and, to the great mass of readers, still more so. Of this no one can for a moment doubt who remembers how the first chapter of this work, or the first Appendix, upon the history of the language, or, especially, how the charming little sketch of the History of La Fayette, which he wrote immediately after that man's return to Europe, were written. But Mr. Ticknor could not do this without doing it thoroughly, and so doing it would have expanded this work to vast dimensions.

But is not this work, as it is, a truer history of the nation than a mere civil history could be? These volumes give us the history of thoughts, feelings, life at home, character. And does not he who tells us what have been the superstitions, vagaries, delusions, beliefs, songs, sports, amusements, of a people, their proverbs, the character of their teachers, their thoughts and their capacity for thought, by showing us the very language they used, make us better acquainted with them than he who only tells us what they have done and suffered? And I venture to say that no three volumes of civil history can be found which will give a person so just an idea of the real condition of any nation, in the several stages of its history, as is given of the Spanish nation in the three charming volumes of our lamented friend.* For does not a history of the intelligence, the moral and the religious character of a people make us understand what they have been, and especially what they are capable of becoming, better than a mere history of events, of political changes, successes, and failures, could possibly do?

Soon after my first acquaintance with Mr. Ticknor, I came, on an invitation from the School Committee of the Town of Boston, to take charge of the English Classical School, since known as the English High School. I came an unknown school-master, and I have never been or aspired to be any thing else; and although I succeeded in banishing from the interior of the school the fear of the school-master, that fear

* A few days after writing this sentence I read, in a letter from Henry Thomas Buckle to Theodore Parker, in the *Life and Correspondence of T. Parker*, vol. i. p. 468, the following unexpected confirmation of my opinion:—

“In Mr. Ticknor’s singularly valuable ‘History of Spanish Literature’ there is more real information than can be found in any of the many Spanish histories which I have had occasion to read.”

lingered in almost every family. But there was always one house into which I dared to come uninvited, and where I always received a cordial welcome. I should have to use what would seem extravagant language, if I should declare what a difference that made in the happiness of my life. There I came also by invitation, and met many persons whom it was a privilege to know: richly freighted and exuberant souls, like Agassiz; and meditative, poetical minds, like the elder R. H. Dana. How many pleasant hours have I spent in that old house at the corner of Boylston Street and Boylston Place, where Mr. Ticknor's father dwelt! how many in that hospitable house in Colonnade Row on Tremont Street, when that street was almost as quiet as a road in the country! how many in that palatial library in Park Street where I saw him last!

Mr. Ticknor was always kind and hospitable to poor scholars ambitious of excellence, and generously gave encouragement, good advice, the loan of books, and, when he could do it delicately, the offer of pecuniary aid.

He was always ready to do his part in any work that belonged to a good citizen. He was early a member of the Primary School Board, long before the care of the Primary Schools was given to the General School Committee; and when I became a member of that Board, I found that his visits had been not less frequent and his reports more fully and carefully made than those of any other member of the Board. This work may have been urged upon him by a feeling of filial piety, as his father, Elisha Ticknor, with James Savage and Mr. Wait, had been the first to recommend and to secure the establishment of this branch of the Public Schools, before which event no child under the age of seven or eight had been admitted to their privileges.

There was another thing which Mr. Ticknor did better than it had ever been done before; and, so far as my knowledge goes, better than it has been done since. On the 24th of August, 1832, he delivered, before the American Institute of Instruction, a lecture upon the best modes of teaching the living languages. He assures us that the views he presented were not new, but that they coincided with the systems pursued by Cardinal Wolsey, Roger Ascham, Milton, and Locke. They were undoubtedly the methods he had himself pursued in Europe, in mastering the languages with which he had become so familiar, and which he continued to speak readily and idiomatically, with perfect purity and correctness, to the last days of his life. They consisted essentially in teaching

the facts of the language first, and putting off the philosophy, the laws of syntax and construction to the last, but teaching every thing in its proper place as thoroughly as possible. All the principles of that masterly discourse are really applicable, with slight modifications, to the teaching of the classical languages: was not every language once a living language?

Of the "Life of Prescott" I need say nothing. Every one who hears me has read that, and has felt it as I have myself.

We thus have the best history of a language that has ever been written, the most delightful and instructive Biography, and the best treatise upon the teaching of language, that have been written during our lives,—all from our departed friend. Can any thing higher in the line of authorship be said?

The Resolutions were unanimously adopted; and the Rev. Chandler Robbins was appointed to prepare the Memoir of Mr. Sears, and the Hon. George S. Hillard that of Mr. Ticknor, for the Society's Proceedings.

The Rev. William I. Budington, D.D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Benjamin Scott, F.R.A.S., of London, were elected Corresponding Members.

The President said that No. VIII. of the "Proceedings" was ready for distribution; that it included the doings of the Society for October, November, and December, 1870, and concluded a volume.

The Treasurer, Mr. FROTHINGHAM, said he had received a letter from the Rev. William A. Stearns, D.D., resigning his membership in this Society.

On motion of Dr. ELLIS, Mr. Edmund Quincy was added to the committee on the publication of the Sewall Papers, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the absence, in Europe, of Dr Dexter.

Mr. LINCOLN presented, in the name of Mr. Nathaniel C. Peabody, of Boston, a copy of an address composed by a Cherokee Indian, named Dewi or David Brown, who visited New England over forty years ago, and was the object here of some interest and attention.* The copy was made by Miss Elizabeth

* It appears from some letters, which were also communicated by Mr. Lincoln at this time, that Dewi or David Brown came from the region of the Yazoo River; that he had a sister Catharine, a remarkable woman, who was converted to Christianity by missionaries; and that it was through her influence that her brother was sent to a school, where he was educated for the ministry. A daughter of the late Hon. John Pickering writes: "I remember David Brown perfectly, as he was much at our house, in Salem, many years ago. We removed to Boston in 1827. It was in consequence of my father's interest in philology, and in the North American Indian languages particularly, that he undertook the preparation of a Cherokee Grammar with David Brown, and it was this that brought him to our house often. While this was in progress (and

Manning Peabody, of Salem, from the original manuscript, previous to the year 1830. The address is here printed.

Address of Dewi Brown, a Cherokee Indian.

In conformity to the request of friends, and in compliance with my own sense of duty, I avail myself of this opportunity to appear before this assembly, and raise my voice in favor of the Aboriginal inhabitants of America.

Convinced that sympathetic feelings begin to glow in the bosoms of many Americans for the natives of this country, I gladly present this theme for your consideration. Before I proceed, however, indulge me in the pleasure of informing you that I am one of the sons of the forest, yea! the image of an Indian is upon me, and Aboriginal blood runs in my veins. I have worn the armour of a Cherokee warrior, have traversed the western wilds in pursuit of an Osage scalp, and far toward the setting sun have I gone, to avenge the blood of my fathers.

By reflecting on the state of the Indians we naturally trace their tradition and history to the time when no person of European extract was seen in all this vast continent, when the Indians were in full possession of this country, and reigned with triumphant sway from Hudson's Bay to Cape Horn, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific, when an Indian chief could look upon the vast herds of deer, elk, and buffaloes, and pronounce them his own, and given to him by the great Galolatichi.

It is delightful as well as important to throw ourselves back to those times when the fire of war was scarcely seen to blaze, and the smoke of the pipe of peace ascended round the council fires.

A man of Christian philanthropy, who is versed in the American history, and is accustomed to deplore the hapless fate of the natives, does not forget that they were once independant and happy, and that they were formerly free from direful and destructive wars in which within three hundred years they have been involved.

It is a matter of fact, proved by the authority of the first and most respectable of this country, that the natives were in a more tranquil and prosperous state previous to their acquaintance with Europeans than at any subsequent period. The testimony of Columbus himself confirmed this point, when he declared to his sovereign that the Indians were affable and mild, and that they loved their neighbour as themselves.

This is evident also from the immensity of their numbers, the kind reception of Europeans, the apparent harmony that reigned amongst them.

a portion of the sheets actually printed) the whole undertaking was abandoned; as the remarkable invention, by the native Cherokee, George Guess, of an alphabet *in special characters*, for writing the hitherto unwritten dialect of his nation, made any previous efforts useless." The writer adds, that a memoir of the Life of Catharine Brown was published under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. — EDS.

Had the natives been in perpetual warfare with each other, had they been in constant commotion, and thirsting for human blood, as some fancifully assert, the first discoverers of America, especially the illustrious Columbus, and the benevolent Penn, would have known it, and reported to the world accordingly. If the natives had always waged bloody wars with each other, it is reasonable to suppose that their number would have greatly decreased from their arrival in this country to its discovery.

When and in what manner the Indians came to this country, is a question the investigation of which has not a little agitated the minds of philosophers of the preceding and present time. From their relics, antiquities, and the general aspect of the country, it is certain that they came here many centuries ago. In all probability their arrival here was not many centuries after the flood. And is it true that they have in every succeeding age been diminishing? Has the hand of pestilence or the ravages of war pursued them for so long a time, and swept off vast numbers from the earth? Every person reasoning from analogy will answer in the negative, for it is absurd to suppose that the Indians were perpetually decreasing, and yet that so many remained in existence when America was discovered. It is probable that at the first arrival of the natives their number was small in comparison to their subsequent number. I cannot believe that there were no more in existence at the discovery of America, than at first emigrated.

I am led then to the conclusion that their number increased after their arrival. It is obvious, too, that they increased with rapidity, from the fact that they were so generally dispersed over the country.

It would be an useless attempt in me to unfold to your imagination the number of this people that have disappeared within the last three hundred years, some of whose nations were once great and renowned; but now they are gone, and their council fires are extinguished to burn no more. And let me here affirm, and may it be borne in everlasting remembrance, that their reduction in numbers commenced soon after their acquaintance with Europeans, at the introduction of European vices, especially those produced by ardent spirits, under whose influence the Indians began to melt away and to fall victims to degeneracy. Add to these, the formidable corruptions of war amongst them, which have, and are still sinking the indigenous population in oblivion. Ah! how little did Christopher Columbus imagine, while the heavenly breeze was gently wafting his fleet to these western shores, that he was transporting vice and diabolical spirit to be imbibed by thousands, and that his voyage would cause rivers of blood to flow in this western world! Far from me, however, to insinuate that the native population were free from vice, immorality, and occasionally destructive wars; for they are also the descendants of sinful apostate man; they, like all the nations of the earth, wage bloody wars, and turn their pleasant places and forests into a field of carnage and slaughter. But those were nothing to what have subsequently taken place. What direful catastrophies have darkened the page of American history! At their first interview with Europeans, the natives generally manifested themselves kind and

hospitable; the hand of friendship was given to the white man, and a bear skin spread before him, on which to repose his head, the pipe of peace was offered to him; and thus the Indian alleviated his sorrows and misfortunes. After a lapse of time, the red and the white man became more acquainted. Happy would it have been had they brightened the chain of friendship, and embraced each other as brothers, and as the children of the same Galqlatichi.

But, alas! formidable wars broke out, and the hand of vengeance arose from its slumbers; over-reached on many occasions for a thirst of gain, their friends and relations treacherously entrapped, and carried away to be sold as slaves, themselves injured, oppressed, and deceived, driven from their lawful possessions: no wonder the natives unbound the tomahawk of war, and made ready the arrows of vengeance against the usurpers of their dominions, — no wonder the white intruder found an inveterate enmity, hereditary animosity, and perpetual revenge. Dreadful to the Indian was the thought that the white man had come to throw him into the convulsions of war, to lay waste his dominions, and to disturb his peaceful repose. In the bosom of a country once his, commenced the bloody struggle which terminated in the peace and independence of these United States; the land of his ancestors, his beloved forests, and delightful plains, became a scene of slaughter, and a theatre for the ambitious but direful display of European prowess. Repulsed from one clime to another, their coasts echoing with cries and agonies of the dying, their villages destroyed, themselves sharing a dreadful fate, the Indians were in consternation. As the Indian turned his sorrowful eyes toward the north, he beholds a dark cloud gathering in Canada. An overwhelming storm met his view in the South, by the English and Spanish threatening to deluge the whole country with human blood. While the northern winds wafted to his ears the desolations of Canada, the noise of the French troops, the feats of General Wolf, he was no less distracted by the voice of *Washington* in the United States, and the thunder of war in South America. In the midst of confusion and despair, the Indian was compelled to raise the tomahawk against his red brothers, as well as against the sons of Europe: hence rivers of Indian blood were shed in aiding the forces of Britain, or while fighting for the freedom and liberty of this renowned republic. The position in which the natives were placed, especially in the Revolutionary war, was not only singular but extremely dangerous. They were surrounded by foreigners in every quarter: for them to be neutral it was impossible, they had to fight or die. But let me not be understood that in all cases I justify the natives for their conduct. Far from me to speak in favor of the cruelty and depredations committed against the whites. But while I condemn the conduct of some of my ancestors, while my soul revolts from the murder of many innocent and Christian people, a silent indignation rises within me, at the impious and savage procedure of Europeans. As things have been in America for three hundred years, better would it have been had the natives never seen even the shadow of a white man. Far from the convulsions and agitations of the old world, they could have sat peacefully on their

native shores, enjoyed the game with which America abounds; they could have inhaled their native air in tranquillity and with the utmost ease. But fatal has been their doom! Every Christian must now condole with them on their unhappy state. In view of their reduction in number, the corruption of their morals, the degradation into which they have been plunged, the philanthropist mourns for them. The American history is replete with the sufferings of the original inhabitants of this country. If there is any humanity implanted within our bosoms, if we know how to commiserate the woes of fallen man, we can hardly forget the natives of this country. Never can we forget the bloody conquests of Mexico, never can we forget General Cortes with his hounds of war, deluging all Mexico with native blood. Such scenes as these were not rare and well deserve the everlasting condemnation of good men. Oh! the doleful fall of Peru, and the bloody scenes of Chili! Humanity shudders at the transactions of Muskingum, the destruction of the Creeks in Talishetis town, the fatal blow of the Virginian, Pennsylvanian, and Massachusetts Indians. Where now are the Mohawks, Iroquois, Catawors, and other great nations? I repeat the painful enquiry, where now are the natives whose population covered these United States, and whose sons once drank the waters of Massachusetts? Alas! they are gone; as the falling leaves before a mighty storm, they have disappeared; nothing now reminds one of them but a mere name, excepting here and there one of their sons, who had the fortune, or I may rather say the misfortune, to escape the ravages of war. He alone is left to witness the subjugation of the country. When prompted by his religion to visit the depositories and graves of his ancestors, as he walks lonely through the streets of New England, often is the finger pointed at him, saying, "There goes one of the savages of America." Friendless and forlorn does he go. No one to drop a sympathetic tear with him while he sighs for his country, and weeps over the sepulchres of his fathers. Notwithstanding, however, that the aboriginal race is almost extinct in the United States, blessed be God! there are yet many tribes and nations of them in America. The Indian blood is not all, as yet, wasted away. Though many have already descended, with their ancestors, to the land of shadows, there is yet a remnant. The great wampum of peace is yet seen in its original purity, and the council fires still burn by the rivers of Missi[ssip]pi; the sons of Tutsela and the daughters of Talontiske still drink the waters of Arkansaw, and repose themselves beneath the sylvan shades of Zazoo.

From the forests of Tsusæyæaso, beneath the tall trees that bloom in its plain, and not far from the banks of Tsikamega, in the Cherokee nation, I sprung, and was there reared up in the habits of my country; of course my parents are heathen. Yænugvyaski, my honoured father, early taught me the religion of my ancestors. Many times did he relate to me, while sitting in some solitary retreat, the wars with Europeans, and the wrongs and losses sustained by them. My fond mother too, when I was quite young, often sung for me a mournful song, commemorative of the death of some of my valiant forefathers,

who fell in the arms of death while defending the rights of our country. Importunate was she to inform me of the injuries done to her countrymen, and often invoked the Great Spirit to destine her son to aid the return of peace and gladness in all the dwellings of Tsalagi.

Permit me here to say a word on the religious views of the Indians. Ask an Indian if he is religious, and he will answer in the affirmative, and tell you that his usual custom is to worship Galqlatichi, the good spirit, the heavenly inhabitant. This deity is said to inhabit eastwardly, or far beyond the rising of the sun. The Indian also has an idea of another deity, whom he calls Askina, the accursed or evil spirit. Askina is considered as inferior to Galqlatichi, and as far as the Indians are favored with the Good Spirit, the evil one has no power over them. Askina dwells in the western region; he is said to cause all evil, and is ever ready to do harm. He is considered also to be the father of sorcery, poison, witchcraft, and deceit. To Askina the Indians apply for aid, when they want to revenge, deceive, and kill. There are also subordinate spirits who reside at the four cardinal points, but their power is not great. Their province is to attend to inferior matters, and to obey the commands of the supreme being. When an Indian has performed some heroic act, he will not forget to acknowledge it as a mark of divine favor, by offering sacrifice to Galqlatichi. On the vintage season, the first fruits are offered to the Good Spirit in a solemn manner; feasts and religious dances are likewise held in this season, which continue for several days, during which the Indians praise the author of their blessings, feast on the bounties of providence, and renew their vows to the great Galqlatichi; by doing this, they say they will be successful in war; and while chasing the game in the plains and over the mountains, they will be in health and prosperity. When going to war, the Indians generally have a prophet with them, who pretends to foretell future events. This prophet, of course, makes great pretensions to magical and supernatural powers. I shall illustrate this by a short statement from my own observation. In the year 1817, when the war between the Cherokees and Osages was raging, I accompanied 600 warriors of the Cherokees, Shawnees, Delawares, and Quappaws. This army was divided into several companies. I shall only relate one scene of the company, with which I was connected.

A short time before we arrived to the place of our destination, we halted. The prophet, whose name was Wiluga, and who was ever ready to prognosticate and disclose the fate of the men, was remarkably grave. He appointed a place on the bank of a river, at a considerable distance from the main army, to display religious rites. At a given time the whole company, the prophet at their head, moved in procession toward the place. On our arrival there he commanded us to bathe in the river (notwithstanding the cold weather), and to plunge ourselves four times into the water, looking at each time towards the sun; after which he summoned us on the bank of the river, and we seated ourselves according to rank. In a few moments a profound silence followed — then the prophet began to sing a low but melodious

song. After singing prayer commenced. This prayer, though indistinct to all the warriors, was extremely mournful, as well as solemn. Every mind was filled with awe at the prophet's solemnity and gravity. These exercises being finished, he produced several strange skins, one of which I think was an eagle's skin, with all its feathers. In these skins was the depositories of his supernatural apparatus, the archives of future events. He began first to examine the fate of the head warrior, by looking through some of his strange works, and after spending considerable time with each man, he finished his course, and pronounced prosperity and success to our arms. There are some traits in the character of my countrymen that are truly admirable, and are worthy of imitation; such as extreme love to friends, hospitality to strangers, respect for the aged, &c. In these respects I firmly believe that the Indians are much more like the offspring of Jehovah, than many who call themselves civilized. I fondly hope that these principles of virtue will never be wholly eradicated from the Indian character.

In other points, however, especially in their religious views, they are immersed in delusion and gloom; and when we view them through the gospel of Jesus Christ, we lament their deplorable condition. Like all the heathen nations of the earth they are in darkness. The Indians have an imperfect idea of a future state, a state of rewards and punishments. The brave and the good will be rewarded for every virtuous deed done on the earth, and the coward and base will suffer for their conduct. The good will go to a delightful country called Galilelitsar, or the happy heaven. This delightful and lofty region abounds with deer, bear, elk, and game of every description. Every imaginable pleasure there will be enjoyed without molestation, and free from all the pains prevalent in this world. I know that this account of Galilelitsar will remind you of Mahomet's paradise, the dreams and fanciful imagination of a Turkish Prince. But when you pray for the devotee of Mahomet, may you not forget the Indian savage of the west; some of whose theories are as wild, and are as delusive and absurd as those of Mahomet. But to return: the coward and base class of men will be banished to a dreary region called [blank] or the place of devils, where they will continue objects of misery, and outcasts from the blessed abode of the happy. It is customary among some tribes, particularly so with the Quappaws, who reside beyond the Missi[ssip]pi, to feed the dead. Every morning for several days after the death of a friend, they carry food to the grave for his repast on his journey to the world of spirits. But enough of this subject. I now beg leave to turn the attention of this audience to the happy effects of missionary labours amongst my kinsmen according to the flesh. Having briefly noticed the unhappy state of my countrymen, having unfolded to you some of their delusive and absurd theories, after your imagination has followed me through regions of sorrow, oh! how readily will you approve of the great injunction, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." How readily will you pronounce Christian missions to the Indians, as of high importance! I shall not here enter into discussion with that class who object to sending missions to

the Indians, neither shall I weary your patience by a protracted refutation of the erroneous theory that they are incapable of civilization, for I believe this assembly too enlightened, and that benevolence burns too high in the bosoms of many to need details of facts so authentic and in themselves so glorious. No one who has any acquaintance with the natives can doubt of their natural capacities for moral cultivation; that they are as susceptible of mental as well as religious improvement, as much as any people on the Globe, I frankly assert without any fear of contradiction. True we have not as yet seen a Washington, Franklin, or a Brainerd arise from the western wilds; but who denies that if Tocom[s]ach, Phillip, or Telentichi had been men of erudition and piety that their names would have been enrolled with the accomplished scholars and profound statesmen of the age in which they lived? Ah! had an Eden bloomed beneath their feet; had [they beheld] the morning star that once illuminated Bethlehem, the world would have seen luminaries of the west of no ordinary splendor. The grand point then should be to make every effort to have the Indian civilized, and above all evangelized. Nothing can bring the untutored sons of the forest to the blessed wreaths of science and religion but the Gospel of Christ. When a barbarian becomes a Christian, he easily becomes a civilized man. The Missionary operations of the day, therefore, claim the attention as well as the admiration of all. The heralds of the cross have already gone to carry the glad tidings of Salvation to the children of the forest. These almoners of benevolence go not to speculate on lands, they go not to cheapen fur and peltry, but to teach the ignorant, and serve the friendless soldiers of the cross. Bound on no expedition of violence, but on an errand the most benign. "The Missionary establishments at Brainerd and Eliot, and in the Arkansaw territory," as a distinguished reviewer justly observes, "are admirable in their plan and must be the means of incalculable good." The Indians are making rapid advances towards the standard of morality, virtue, and religion. Cordially are they receiving the useful manners and customs of Europeans. This as nations is particularly applicable to the Cherokee, Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek nations, whose council fires still burn on the eastern side of the Missi[ssip]pi; bright is the chain of friendship that binds those nations of Indians to the government of the United States. The bow and the quiver are converted into utensils of industry; and the bloody tomahawk that used to be bathed in human blood is buried deep, I hope to rise no more. The Cherokee code of laws, legislatures, courts of justice, though as yet in their incipient state, are similar to those of the United States. Agricultural, literary, and religious schools are in operation, and I fondly hope that the time is not far distant when these nations shall unite with the great commonwealth, and their sons participate in the glory to which our happy America is destined. It is with interest that an American, of patriotic, as well as philanthropic zeal, considers the glorious beams of peace that now begin to dawn upon the aboriginal race. In the Cherokee and Choctaw nations there are about fifteen schools in which there are four or five hundred Indian children. Under the tuition of

missionaries in these schools, the children are taught the habits of industry, sobriety and refinement. The Cherokees are extremely pleased with the Christian religion, and are willing to adhere to its divine precepts; that religion which teaches men to love and do good to all men, even those who hate them. To love God supremely they think far surpasses the religion of their fathers. It must be gratifying to the Christian public that some of the most influential chiefs in the Cherokee nation are now members of the church, and that Christianity is generally respected by those who have had opportunities to know something about it. Those who have united themselves to the Christian church I am happy to say are exemplary, and in their lives adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour. Now they are no more heathen and destitute of the consolations of the Gospel of Christ, no more foreigners but fellow citizens with the saints, and of the household of God. It may be well said of the Cherokees in the language of inspiration: "The people which sat in darkness saw great light, and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up." I am glad to say that your missionaries are much beloved by my countrymen, and I would here publicly express my warmest gratitude to the benevolent of New England, for their exertions to send the blessings of civilization and the Gospel to my nation. Long shall I cherish the memory of those who are actively engaged for the peace and happiness of my kindred and brethren of the west.

Much gratitude is due to the government of the United States for its generosity, especially of late, toward the Indians. The Cherokee and Choctaw nations have appropriated many thousand dollars for the support of schools amongst themselves. To complete, however, a work so extensive, large funds are requisite, and many hands to move the grand system. The missionaries to the Indians of the west, let it be remembered, are not from Great Britain, France, or Spain, but they are from New England, they are your friends and countrymen, they have left your firesides, and gone far from civilization and friends, embarked in the glorious cause of humanity and virtue; of course they need and expect the aid of their friends in New England; and let me remark again that the missionaries are much beloved by my countrymen. But they want more teachers and missionaries to be sent to them. And who, let me ask, who will send to them missionaries, and support them? Who will obey the voice that sounds from the west for aid? Shall not you who now stand on the soil once possessed by the natives? Think of the aboriginal inhabitants of this land, who are now far removed from the land of their fathers, some of whom with sorrow and deep regret have turned their faces toward the setting of the sun, and who will ere long be extinct if the hand of charity does not rescue them. And as you here enjoy the consolations that flow from the glorious Gospel, as you behold with delight your empire rising with rapidity, while you send your missionaries over the Atlantic and Pacific, oh! remember, remember, your red brethren, the original proprietors of America.

My Christian friends, this is the only opportunity which I shall

probably ever have of addressing you. I solicit your prayers that I may aid the cause of missions to my countrymen; that I may return to them in the fulness of the blessings of the Gospel of peace.

Mr. Lincoln communicated at the same time a copy of the letter printed below, giving an account of the early manufacture of salt in Kentucky, and information about the country generally:—

LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, Feb. 27th, 1785.

HONORED SIR, — It is not from inattention or forgetfulness that I have suffered your inquiries concerning the Salt Springs of this country to remain thus long unanswered; but from a hope that by this time I might be able to give you some satisfactory account of them. I must, however, confess that, notwithstanding all the information I am able to get, I am still as ignorant of the matter as I was the moment I came into the country.

The owners of those Springs reside commonly in the old part of Virginia or Maryland, and carry on the business of salt-making by negroes and ignorant people, under the direction of an overseer as ignorant as themselves; so that it is impossible to learn any thing from them worth hearing.

I have seen but one spring of consequence in this district, which is at a place called Bullet's Lick, on a small branch of Salt River which empties into the Ohio about twelve miles below the rapids. At this spring, by the best information I could get, about forty gallons of water will produce a bushel of salt. At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the spring is a small mountain, perhaps half a mile high, in the form of a sugar loaf, from the bottom of which the salt water appears evidently to proceed; and they now dig wells between the spring and the mountain, thirty or thirty-five feet deep, and find that the nearer they approach the mountain the stronger the water is impregnated with salt.

It is remarkable that the water from which they boil the salt is almost as black as ink, owing, as it is supposed, to its passing through a large pit of coal; and this idea is strengthened by the smell of the water when boiling, resembling that of the burning of coal, with a very strong mixture of sulphur. This blackness, however, disappears before the water is half boiled away; and the salt appears perfectly clean and very white, and is made with so much ease, notwithstanding they labor under every inconvenience from the want of proper pans, &c., that they can well afford to sell it at three dollars per bushel.

I have just heard of a very fine salt spring on Green River, a part of the country that is settling very fast. One half of it, with a small tract of land, — perhaps five hundred acres, — belongs to Col. Richard Anderson. He is not now in this country; but I am informed by a gentleman who transacts his business here, that he would sell his part of the spring and the land for five hundred pounds, Massachusetts currency,

and would make the terms of payment very easy, in case the interest be punctually paid, and good security for the principal.

I cannot learn that any experiments have yet been made, from which a judgment of the strength of its water may be formed, as every one goes with his kettle and boils for himself, without regard to any object but that of making as much as will serve him, as soon as possible; but if the spring in any measure answers the description given of it, it must undoubtedly be a fortune to any man who is able to carry on the business to advantage, unless the discovery of a salt-rock in the neighborhood — which many people expect — should prevent.

There are several other salt springs in this district; but the people make very little use of them at present, owing partly to the difficulty of procuring kettles, and partly to their laziness, or to the necessity they are under of turning their attention to other objects, which offer a more immediate subsistence.

Would the nature of my business admit of it, I should take great pleasure in rambling through this country in quest of curiosities, among the first of which I should reckon the Sulphureous and the Oil Spring, as I can no longer consider their existence as a fable. One of these was, not long since, discovered by a number of hunters, who pitched their tent by its side for the sake of water: one of them going in the evening to drink, with a firebrand in his hand for light, a coal by accident fell into the Spring and set it on fire, and it continued burning till morning. I have heard that it burns so well in lamps as to answer the purpose of oil.

There are many things in the country which attract the attention of the curious, but few have leisure and abilities to examine them to any valuable purpose.

We begin to talk warmly of a new State in this part of Virginia, and have already held one general convention of the people to consider of ways and means. Our motions, however, are retarded by our unfriendly neighbors, the Indians, who are frequently making incursions upon us, stealing our horses and cattle, and killing the people.

The subject of Kentucky has insensibly led me on to the end of my paper without once mentioning my friends in your family and neighborhood, for whom I shall ever retain a very friendly remembrance. Please to make my best compliments acceptable to them, and believe that I am, Sir, with much respect and esteem your

Friend and humble servant,

THOMAS PERKINS.

The Honorable J. PALMER, Esq.

Superscribed, — THE HONORABLE JOSEPH PALMER,
Braintree, near
Boston.